St. Paul's Church Sunday Schools

HOOPERELDS.

HYMNS

TO BE SUNG BY THE CHILDREN AT THEIR FESTIVAL, NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.—Psalm 147.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain—
Rule, Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blessed as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast which rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame—
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

HYMN 78. CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs,

THE PROMISED LAND.

HYMN 25. CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK.

There is a land of pure delight.

THE HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land;
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee!
Blest, blest for aye!

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye!

THE BIBLE.

We won't give up the BIBLE,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light,
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us back to God.

We won't give up the BIBLE,
For pleasure or for gain,
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we may gain.
Though men may try to seize our prize,
And rob us by their might,
Yet we'll defy their hateful power,
And God defend the right!

We won't give up the BIBLE,
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know that we, tho' young,
Withstand such treacherous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

The Gospel ship along is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All [illegible]
Come, and welcome, rich and poor.
"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

All her sailors loudly cry;
"See the peaceful port of glory,
Open to each faithful eye."

Thousands she hath safely landed,
Far beyond this mortal sphere,
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace,
Carrying every faithful sailor
To his heavenly landing place.
"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

Come, poor sinner, get converted,
Sail with us thro' life's dark sea;
Then with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

HYMN 201. CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

From year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children utt'ring sweet,
The bosom joy of every heart.

But time rolls on, and year to year
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hail'd the children's festal day.

Meanwhile our failing ranks renew,
Send children teachers in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son—from race to race.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, my dear Saviour,
In glory at home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not pil'd,
I pant for a country by sin undefil'd.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

Let doubt, then, or danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for it all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

YON BRIGHT WORLD.

TEACHERS.

Children, will you go with us
To yon bright world.

CHORUS.

Glory, Hallelujah!
Praise Him, Hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord!

CHILDREN.

Yes, we'll go along with you—
To yon bright world.

Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

We shall see our Saviour there—
In yon bright world.

Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

God, our Father, ever reigns—
In yon bright world.

Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

CHILD'S DESIRE.

HYMN 67. CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK.

I think when I read that sweet story of old.

THE CHILDREN'S THANKS.

Hail! Hail! all Hail!
To those who are in this hall;
Whose liberal bounty never doth fail
When sacred duty calls.
A song of grateful praise,
Our voices spread around,
To those who open wide the way
Where learning's fruits are found.
Hail! Hail! &c.

The Bible's sacred page
They give into our youth,
To cheer us in our after age,
And guide to joy and truth.
Hail! Hail! &c.

Kind patrons and true friends,
Wherever your feet may roam,
Our heart-felt prayer to God ascends
To bless you and your home.
Hail! Hail! &c.

FINALE. NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen.

The Ministers [illegible] of the School

Affectionately invite the PARENTS and FRIENDS of the Children [illegible] School to attend the above-named Festival, and, by their presence, give that encouragement which [illegible] in the conducting of a Sabbath School.

MATTHEW GOTHAM, PRINTER, PRUSSIA STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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